## THE IOLA REGISTER GHAR. P. SCOTT, Publisher.

## BOLL . . . . . . KANSER LEATHERWOOD HOUSE.

A Romance of the Early Days in Hoosierdom.

BY H. W. TAYLOR. E[Copprinted, 1887, by The A. N. Kellopp New paper Company.]

CHAPTER VIII.-COSTINUED. People talked a goodeel bout the fine thengs they brought with um; un some lowed they was a most too fine fur this neighborhood. Un the yuthers lowed as hit was no difference of Bogus Thept the town out with a lot a ships to k goods backurds un ford's, un to, sun thrum.

"They was lots said about um, sough! You know how it air about a Uvverbodys awn the watch, un allus sayun bout the wust thengs they could about yuh! Mother haint

direct upon me). But mother said the lage? And should I accept such flims; little g-yuri couldn't do no harm, these and unreliable rumors for a full under a playun with er. So I went down there lots, becaise she wouldn't go nowhere at first. So thataway I h-yurn Hots a thengs, un I see lots a thengs at her in person ought I to accent an ex nobody thought I h-yurn ur seed. Ur of I did, at I reckle-lected um. I gut Bogus whur he'd come thrum-whuruvver that was. I tole mother un she tole father. But I reckon hit didn't ge

much furder, thataway!
"When I see that feller Martin at
you tack on so about, I see right away I've seed you before, my larkey! He was h-yur when Boguses first come h-yur, un went away thurreckly atter that. But he come back uvver once en awhile. Un what's enerce about ut, he allus fotch a whole drove a hosses un sole um to Bogus, un he taken um un shipped um plum was off, to France ur some rs urruther, way

"Uvver time thattair feller Martin "Cvver time that air tener having mel come, Bogus ud run out un ast im of he'd god ut. 'Have you gut ut this time, Martin?' he'd holler. 'No, I hain't gut ut this time. But I've bout gut the promise uv ut,' Martin ud say, a laughun lack he allus does. Then Boguses underlip ud drap und he'd growl out some en a outlandish language. Un his wife ud come down un ery, un ery aroun fur thee four weeks at a time. Un Bogus ud be as mad as n settun goose all that time. Then she'd kine a git over ut, un thengs ud be kine a naychuri fur awhile agin. Then Martin ud come back agin, un they'd have the same theng over agin.

That was a good while ago. I hain't ben with Polly so much the last yur. because she didn't lack the way I-I-

"Innderstand Fan. Go on," I said, pressing her hand and holding it on my



SAID. knee, and, I believe whimpering a lit tie after a boyish fashion "I was down town when thattair fel-

ler come the last time. An I h-yurn -Judge Barks say to Bogus: " Martin hain't gut ut, Bogus. Un

sso he won't git Polly, will 'e? ". He won't git er ef he hain't gut

sez Bogus, as viguree as a tagger. " The feller at gits ut fur you, Bo gus-he's to git Polly, hain't 'e-ef he ". For kin have 'er et you gut ut.

-Judge,' sez Bogus, kine a grinnun Jack

"I kin-kin 1?" sez the Judge, a grinnun.

" Yes, sur, sez Bogus, " Then she's mine, Bogus H-yurs

paper folded all up and tied uth a lot little narry blue ribbons, un uth picters uv big valler eagles on ut. Bogus' han shuck so, at he could scaisely hole ut. "'Read er fur me, Judge,' ize a

settun down. " I cain't read Frainch,' sez the Judge. But you kin read ut when

you come to yurseff. But reckleleck bout Polly. " 'She's yourn. Judge,' sez Bogus,

citten up " But I thenk she lacks that young stripper uv a Silkut, sez the Judge. kine a whislun to hisseff.

"'No deffurnce what she lacks.
She'll have any body at I say,' sez Bogus, stompun his foot. Un 'en they both kine a sanchurd off a talkun, un I didn't hy-year nuthun more teil hit wair tole roun this evenue at they was married. Judge Barks looked as e'n us-

"The scoundrel! He deserves hangun! I'll kill im before sundown to morrow of it's the last theng I do," said L springing up and feeling for the long pistols that Buck had armed me

"Set down," said Fan, pulling me down again and holding me firmly by the hand. "They'll be time enough to me if I had all the chaincte that Polly Ann Leatherwood had I'd a ber about as find as her, un ud a knowed

leaving the town to a few men who galloped about from place to place with guns across their saddles. Then an, telling me to lie down and sleep, n her own room in her own bed, until admonishing me to remember what I might happen to dream, for it would ome true, she left me to a sound sleep concluding with an elab-orate dream in which I married Fan Go-uns, in the pelief that she was the queenly and fascinating daughter of the French smuggier, or Buccaueer, or

CHAPTER IX.

SONE STRANGE COURT PROCEEDINGS

Awaking with the incubus of this dream oppressing me, from an in-terminable period of the immeasurable cycles of sleep, I came slowly to comprehend the significance of the occur ences of the previous day and night, only to exchange the fleeting incubus of the night for a more per-manent one of the day. Where was Polly? She had wanted to tell me something of great importance -some ecret not to be whispered within th they could about yuh! Morner and sthataway. But father is—a goodeel.

"He didn't wan't me to play with the story of the marriage. But was not this a mere rumor? The idle gosnot there she gianced up sidelage? And should I accept such flimsy standing of all the facts? Such an understanding as I could get only from her? No; I must see her. Only from planation as authentic and complete. I owed it as a duty to myself and to to fine out at they was somehan against her to see her and hear from her own lips her own version uninfluenced by the presence of others. In short, I must see her, and alone.
I know now that what I thought then

the perfect philosophy of generous and manly argument for the pure and sim-ple truth was in fact a specious and shallow plea for the present gratification of my longing to see her, the daughter of the horse-thief! Ah! I said it is only for the present and for the last time. And she can not be held responsible in any way for her father's crimes, whatever they may have been And perhaps these are the mere groundless charges of malice. Had I not seen deadly feuds involving perhaps more bloodshed than that of last night, among noted families in the Sandtown circuit? Couldn't I name them almost by the score?

Later in life I should have frankly confessed to the truth that I wanted to see Polly and talk to her simply out of my ravenous hunger for her presence, her touch, and the sound of her voice. This would have been ample apology in my own eyes in maturer years. It is ample apology and explanation for far more desperate resolutions and deeds than I contemplated, even in my greatest frenzy. But hold! Have not forgotten my sudden hatred for Judge Barks? The man who in past times had affected to see in me mate rial that might be wrought into brilliant hings. The man who had paid me the great compliment to point out the road to preferment-perhaps to eminence, and stir in my heart the first fluttering of ambition-that guardian angel of youth through the period of greatest temptation and least power of esistance.

I easily persuaded myself that the judge's friendship for me was a selfish Through it he could the more readily reach the proud and wayward daughter of the tavern-keeper. I remembered how many, how very many times the old judge had been enabled o pass a whole evening in our com-cany. In ours! In hers! What did be really care for mine! I was the imple and unsuspecting means to the end. I had sat beside her listening to his skillfully handled fund of stories and philosophic dissertations, proud to show her that I was of sufficient importance in the eyes of the greatest man within our ken to bring that man to her so often-so very often. What a fool!

However, I managed to cat very fast that Fan had speedily prepared on finding that I was at last awake. I high seas—a pirate your honor; and even smiled faintly as, in answer to Fan's question, I confessed the dream

She was in ecstacles. Always neat and careful of her dress she was this morning in her very best and with the advantage of feeling-as I presume only a woman can feel-that she is at her best in every respect. A bright smile flitted about in the many dimples of her pinky cheeks; and her flaxen hair, curling in the short locks about her ears and neck, gave her a sort of refinement and delicacy that I had heretofore totally failed to discover in the dock munt und he drawed out a her. Moreover we were entirely alone, the whole family having gone to some portions of the village more nearly the center of excitement at this time, and finding the attraction too strong to permit them to return as vet.

Usually lond and loquacions, Fan had a smiling and delighted shyness and reserve upon her this morning-a combination always captivating to me, and I believe, to all of the sterner sex. She said little excepting in answer to my own remarks. But there was an eager, impatient, expectant and halfstartled way about her looks and movements that claimed a part of my attention, and even succeeded in some degree in making me temporarily forget the keener point of my auguish and

Finally I arose, and, taking my hat, walked to the door and looked out. "Are you a go-un, Jim?" she asked, timidly, and coming to the

"Yes." I said, without looking di-

rectly at her. " And if you find that she isn't married?

"Then I'll marry her as quick as we kin git to a preacher." "And ef you find she is-then what?" "Then I'll come back and marry

you this very evening." I said, half in jest and half in desperate earnest. "Will you?" she said, with a radi-"Then I'll be ready. I'll was beginning to be light and every-home a purpose to be ready. "And save in the part of the bar occupied by the Tunnycliff party."

It is a save in the part of the bar occupied by the Tunnycliff party.

The Fil be ready. Fil stay at the Tunnycliff party.

The East of the bar occupied by the Tunnycliff party.

The East of the bar occupied by the Tunnycliff party.

The East of the bar occupied by the Tunnycliff party. ant smile.

she threw her arms about my neck and pressed my check to her lips with such vehement forcefulness that my face tinged for minutes on my rapid

walk to the village.

I fancied that the men I passed in little groups here and there eyed me with a curious derision in their giances. Was it generally known that grances. Was it generally known that I was the disappointed lover? Had gossip fully settled upon the sonchasion that in this tragely I had played only the clown and had been buffeted about by the harlequin of love? I was too young to face the guns of ridicule as yet. And so I avoided every group and sauntered about almost aimlessly, in the hope that I might by accident ascertain some thing of the whereabouts of her and —. Well, there abouts of her and —. Well, there was little else that I cared to know. If

ready to haphus corpus Bogus un the rest uv his fellers right tow. They've gone atter um. I low they'll git loose. They hain't nothun but h-yursay agin um. H-yander they go now, boys! Less

go over to the court house."

The ground floor of the old-fashioned court-room was already pretty well filled, and I could only get a seat by claiming my privilege as an "officer of the court," and so secure a seat inside the bar. The judge was just saying: "As to this man Mahtun, I suppose

you don't want to twy to hold his "No, your honor," said a strange and lawyer-like-looking gentleman, rising, "We understand that Martin is

dying. Of course, if he gets well-"It'il be time enough then," said the judge, frowning. "Will you take up these other cases sepawately aw sing-

"Why, your honor, as all the evidence applies equally to all the cases, we might take up the case of the leader,

we might take up the vas-with the understanding—" "Yes, culturally, culturally," the "Yes, culturally, culturally," the the cases whenuvvah you agwee what the evidence is to be. Call yo funst witness."

"George Tunnycliff." the lawyer called, and a tall, dark, well-dressed man stepped forward. He shook hands with Joe Ellet and exchanged few words and a smile that tended to relieve the severe gravity of the occa-sion somewhat. Then he took his seat in the chair elevated upon a box so as to make the witness conspicuous.

"What do you pwopose to pwove by this witness?" asked the judge. sterniy

"The theft of the two race-horses," our honor."
"How do you pwopose to connect

You don't pwe

hese men with that?

tend that any of them was than, do "No, your honor. But -" "Then you must show Mahtun's guilt as principal. Then you kin show that these men with accessory aftilithe fact. That's the only way I kin

life has been that of a robber upon the that his real name, if known, would hold him up to the execration of every

"Hold on, Mr. Call. Hold on thah!" wawn'ts h-yuh on Mistuh Tunnyeliff and the posse that killed young Mistuh Luthuhwood, and then I'll fix bonds ful the app-yuhnce uv all at the next tuh-hm of this cote.

" But your honor-"Mistuh Shuh-uf," thundered the court, interrupting Hon. John C. Call, as the strange lawyer turned out to be. "Sub-ve yo wawnts. Mistuh Clubk you kia take the puhsonal weeognizance uv each and erwy one of these men to app-yuh at the next tuhm

"But, your honor," said Mr. Call, remonstratingly, "we might as well dismiss our case against this man and his followers at once if this is simply to be the setting off of one batch of pr

ecutions against another. I hope-"Mistuh Call," interrupted the court, sternly, "I have bound Mistuh Luthuhwood ovuh to cote in a bond which I deem sufficient to hold him and the men said to be implicated with him. Some of ou-wuh citizens have been killed and some mouh hub-it by you people. Affidavits have been filed and wawnts issued against you all, and I tweat you as I tweat the uth-uhs—hold you on yo-uh own wecognizance. See that the bonds ah signed, Mistuh Cluh-ik, an' the pwopah entwys made," and the judge set himself about making entries in his order book amid a buzz of admiration and

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

stide Disc

and Its Surre Ago and Its Sequel

The subject of Rev. T. DaWitt Talmage Christmas sermon was "The Barn and I Surroundings." His text was: The shepherds said one to another: Let now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this this which is come to pass.—Luke ii., 15.

which is come to pass.—Luke ii. 15.

Dr. Talmage said: One thousand years of the world's existance rolled painfally and wearily along, and no Christ. Two thousand years, and no Christ. Three thousand years, and no Christ. Four thousand years, and no Christ. "Give us a Christ," had cried Assyrian and Persian and Chaldean and Egyptian civilizations, but the line of the surple and the was little else that I cared to know. If I could only find Buck Leatherwood!

The Leatherwood house I found closed and descried save as to the cast room. There was a curious crowd gazing in at the windows and moving about to obtain better views of the inside.

"What's going on?" I asked as carelessly as I could.

"The doctors is en thar tennun to the wounded," a man answered in a low voice. "They's about a dozen uv um hurt more ur leas—sum uv um purty bad, I low."

"Was any body killed?" I ventured to ask.

"They say at Buck Leatherwood was killed un thattair felher Martin un the Shurf Smith as he called hisself—ther bout dead by this time. They're bout ready to happens corpus Bogus un the rest uv his fellers right tow. They've were the world shape to the earth and less in the lack window-shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best sume.

window-shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of the world where they all sing

were thrown open, and some of the best singers of the world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud chanted a peace authem, until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encored the hallelujah chorus.

At last the world has a Christ, and just the Christ is needs. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshiped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of one whom we find on a bed of straw, with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christin the night of the nativity. All the great painters have the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the nativity, All the great painters have tried on canvas to present Mary and her child, and the incidents of that most fa-mous night of the world's history. Ra-phael, in three different masterpieces, celebrated them. Tinteret and Gufriandjo surpassed themselves in the Adoration of the Magi. Corregio needed to do nothing more than his Madonna to become immorthe Magi. Corregio needed to do nothing more than his Madonna to become immortal. The Madonna of the Lily, by Leonarde da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. Murfilo never won greater triunph by his pencil than in his presentation of the lifely Family. But all the galleries of Dresdon are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the Sistine Madonna. Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna, and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants, and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You can not get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the exen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babs. And well might they kneel. Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should during the first few days and nights of his life on earth be surrounded by the dumb beasts whose mean and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to Gol for the arrist. ages been a prayer to God for the arrist ing of their tertures and the rightic z of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of

that these men wuh accessory aftink the fact. That's the only way I kin see. Meible you've gut a way."

"But, your heads way want to make this statement of our position. We are able to show that this Martin was an employe of this man who calls himself Leatherwood," the lawyer said, turning to Bogus, who seewled upon him numoved and carciess. "We are able to show that Martin simply did his bidding. We will show that he is the captain of an organized band of outlaws. (great sensation in the courtroom.) We will show that his past life has been that of a robber upon the

In the first chapter of Genesis you may man was—the fish and fowl the fifth "Hold on, Mr. Call. Hold on thah!"
thundered the jurige. "I can't and shau't pulmit such statement to be made h-yun, suh, when I know that you know you can't come in a thousan miles my move me the same miles are miles are my such that the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eage, the liou, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecessors of the human family. They have the world you know you can't come in a thousan miles uv pwovan uv any such chahges. Nevah mind, Majah Gwiggs, I'll h-yuh you when yo time comes," he continued, as the major rose to his feet to enter an objection, "Now," he continued, "this may not look as ef it was the awd'n'y way uv pwoceeduah, but the shuh-uf will suv some the continued will suv some the continued to the shuh-uf will suv some the continued to the shuh-uf will suv some the far transportation? And robin and lark have been the cantatas with which they have the shuh-uf will suv some the far way in they have also by right of possession. They have also pright of possession. They have also will be right of possession. They have also pright of possession. They have also pright of possession. They have also will be right of possession. They have also pright of possession and pright of possession and filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God you strike its creat-or, and you insult the Christ who, though he might have been welcomed into life by princes, and taken his first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush, and canopied conches and simpling waters from royal couches, and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on a level with a cow's born, or a camel's hoofs, or a dog's nostril, that he might be the allevi-ator of brutal suffering as well as the redeement of man.

a cat or transfixing butterfly or grasshop-per. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle, and under her wang there may be three or four prima donnas of the sky in training. And in your families and in your schools teach the compare seneration more mercy than per. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle, and under her wang there may be three or four prims donnas of the sky in training. And in your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvelous Bible picture of the nativity, while you point out to them the angel show them also the camel, and while they bear the celestial chantlet them also hear the cow's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world than when he said: "Consider the lilies," than he showed sympathy for the continuous and the last in the subduced minor: "Giory be to God in the highest, and one arth peace, good will to men."

Ah, yes; the fields were honored. The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, have have and prairies contain about forty-five millions they have all their keepers ought to them the angel show them also the camel, and while they have all their keepers ought to forty-five millions they have been been been been all their keepers ought to men."

Ah, yes; the fields were honored. The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, have have and prairies contain about forty-five millions they been all their keepers ought to forty-five millions they been all their keepers ought to forty-five millions they been all their keepers ought to forty-five millions they been all their keepers ought to forty-five millions they been all their keepers ought to forty-five millions they been all their keepers ought to forty-five millions the most part vanished, and prairies contain about forty-five millions the most part vanished, and prairies contain about forty-five millions the most part vanished, and prairies contain about forty-five millions the most part vanished, and prairies contain about forty-five millions the most part vanished, and prairies contain about forty-five millions the most part vanished, but we have and prairies contain about forty-five millions the most part

said: "Behold the fowls of the air," and the quadrupedal world when he allowed himself to be called in one place a llon und in another place a lamb. Meanwhile, may the Christ of the Bethlehom cattle-pen have mercy on the suffering stock-yards that are preparing diseased and fewered meat for our American house-

Behold also in this Bible scene how on that Christmas night God honored childhood. Christ might have made his first visit to our world in a cloud, as he will descend on his next visit in a cloud. In what a chartot of Illumined vapor he might have rolled down the sky, escoried by mounted cavalry, with lightning of drawn sword. Elijah had a c arriage of fire to take him up, why not Jesus a carriage of fire to tetch him down? Or over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended. Or Christ might have had his mortality built up on earth out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start, without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No, no? Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's faxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces. Enough have those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and reache. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive the sun and moon and stars and ages quadrillennial. Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive the sun and moon and stars and ages quadrillennial. God has infinite resources, and he can give presents of great valus, but when he wants to give the richest possible gift to a honsehold he looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. The greatest present that God ever gave our world he gave about 1887 years ago, and he gave it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that Heaven adjourned for a recess and came down and broke through the clouds to look at it. Yea, in all ages God has honored child-hood. He makes a'most every picture a failure, unless there be a child either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap gazing into the face of its mother. It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian, warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at the seventh plunge in the Jordan, was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves in which a child was laid rocked by the Nilo that God called the at tention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a sick child that the bottom of history. It was a lick child that wolf, and leopard, and lion shall be yet so domesticated that a little child shall lead them. A child dee ded Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian General would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate Generals in a conversation in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg, and this, reported to Governor Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And the child of to day is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, set-tie all the destinies and usher in the world's aslavation or destruction

And the child of to day is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settles all the destinies and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Mea, women, nations, all earth and all Heaven, behold the child! Is there any velves so soft as a child's cheek? Is there any sky so blue as a child's eye? Is there any suy so blue as a child's eye? Is there any music so sweet as the child's voice? Is there any plumes to wav as a child's hair? Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise man kneeling before the divine infant? Not boors, not ignoramuses, but Caspar, Belthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isane Kewtons, and Harschels, and Faradays of their time. Their alcomy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. They had stabilish these stabilish each stabilish and a stabilish and the stabili

chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. They had studied stars, studied metals, studied physiology, studied every thing. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe. I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the electric batteries, and all the observatories, and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus bowing at the ready. Where is the college that does not have morning pravers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living, lest we should be inviduous, have we not had among them Christian men like and Abernethy? Who have been ou and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the Gospel, and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks, let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." To-day the greatest doctors and lawyers of Broad to the God who made the rocks." To-day the greatest dectors and lawyers of Brooklyn and New York, and of all this land, and of all lands, revers the Christian religion, and are not ashamed to say so before juries and Legislatures and Senates. All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All setronomy will yet recognize the Star astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem. And physiology and anal of Bethlehem. And physiology and anatomy will join hands and say: We must, by the help of God, get the human race up to the perfect nerve, and perfect muscle, and perfect to that perfect child before whom nigh two thousand years ago Caspar, and Belthasar, and Molchoir bent their tired knees in worship.

in worship.

Behold, also, in that first Christmas night that God bouored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem, and see the child. "No," they say, "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are; come in." Sure enough, the storms, and the night dew, and the brambles have made reach work with their surface and treath work with their seconds. dog's nostril, that he might be the allery act or of trutal suffering as well as the redeemer of man.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night, with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creature of God on the other, I cry, Look out how you strike the rewel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat or transfixing butterfly or grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her

residential martyre, Gari from the fields. Henry C ds. Daniel Wal. and Lincoln, from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields. And before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more broased cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when he woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and he will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlebem tahn, it was a prophecy of the time when thresher's fail, and farmer's plow, and woodman's axe, and ox's yoke, and sheaf-binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country as man made the town.

Behold also that on that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. When the villagers on the morning of December 25 awoke, by Divine arrangement and in some unexplained way, the child, Jesus. from the fields. Daniel Web fields. Martin Luther from

Mary's being there at all. When the villagers on the morning of December 23
awoke, by Divine arrangement and in
some unexplained way, the child, Jesus,
might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no!
Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and
one of the sweetest words "mother." In
all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good
mother; St. Barnard had a good
mother; Samuel Budgett a good
mother; Samuel Budgett a good
mother; Doddridge a good mother; Waiter Scott a good mother; Benjamin West
a good mother. In a great audience, most
of whom were Christians, I asked that all
those who had been blessed of Christian of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire as-sembly stood up. Don't you see how im-portant it is that all motherhood be con-secrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Ru-bens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshus Revnolds the English artist, in his Ma-Reynolds, the English artist, in his Ma onna make it an English face? Why die donna, make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Ma-lonna, make it a Spanish face? I sever heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ. When you hear some one in sermon or oration speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tare while you say to yourself. faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears, while you say to yourself, that was my mother. The first word a child utters is apt to be "mother," and the old man in his dying dream calls, "Mother! mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in afficent home, and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap, and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by the broad fire-place, with great back-log ablaze on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna hers would be the face. What a Madonna hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pair, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came houns and she could great light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were fo ever still. Come back, mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible you used to read, and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a merry Christmas or a happy New Year. But no! That would not be fair toj call you That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereaven enough while you were !! Tarry by the throne, mother, til join you there, your prayers all answe and in the eternal homestead of our we shall again keep Christmas jubile cather. But sreak from your throne

gethor. But speak from your thrones, all you giorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heart-break since you left them, 'and you do well to call from the beight's of Heaven to the valleys of the earth. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place for us right eside you at the banquet.

FLINT-LOCK PISTOLS. ly Prized by Collectors.

The old style of fint-lock, muzale-load-ing pistol will bring twice the price to-day that it commanded when it was the finest thing known in the way of small fire-arms. But it is purchased as a relic, a curiosity. But it is purchased as a relic, a curiosity. It is very hard to get one. They are, of course, no longer made, and those who shance to have one hold on to it because it will get still more valuable as it becomes

older.

The old style of pistol was never of much The old style of piriol was never of much use. The fint-lock went off only about once in ten trials. Then it took about as much time and bother to load as a gmn. The handle of this old pixtol was generally of black wainut or bome hard, dark wood with cuts crosswise to give a better grasp. The handle was also made long so that it could be held the more steadily. The old-style weapon was some ten inches in length, about thirty-six caliber, and with a hair trigger. It could not be carried conveniently except in a belt. ly except in a belt.

The best manufacturers of these pistols were a Dublin firm, McMullan Brothers. The firm no longer exists. They are not regularly manufactured in these days of revolvers. Some few are made, dragged around in the durt to make them look scratched and worn, and when the barrel gets a little rusty they are offered to the nublic as auttouties.

gets a little rusty they are offered to the public as antiquities.

"These old pistols," said one of the employes of the Remingtons, "can hardly be found anywhere in this country. It is hard to tell where they have vanished to. I have been all over the United States, and even in Dakota you don't meet with them. There are some in Europe and Costa likes. They are used for duelling. The old style of pistol is now an object of interest only to collectors. But the best specimens have already been bought up.

William Reed, a Boston dealer in firearms, has made a very good collection of

arms, has made a very good collect arms. But the finest collection in the arms. But the finest collection in the coun-try is said to be that of Morisini, Jay Gould's oid associate. He has three large rooms niled with all kinds of antique fire-arms. Though there are very few gentlemen who make collections of this kind, a great many who are fond of shooting like to get one of these old murzie-londers. Eachelors stick them up in their worse. N. Y. Esseiss 

ONE-HALF our miseries in life are imaginary, and therefore unnecessary; and the other half are made doubly bitter by the nursing we give them. In our imperfect state this all inevitable, perhaps, though it should be our effort to rise above that which is in any sense subject to our resolution. There are many things to "keep under."—United Prebyteries.

Gon intends not to deny us His e but to instruct as how to value then

SOUTHERN SENTIMENTS

guard may be lost sight of in the inev-itable tendency of the President's ar-guments. Taking wool as an illustracalculation as to the profit a wool
grower derives from a duty on wool
and the loss he experiences in his purthe same argument apply to cotton? The duty on manufactured cotton goods of the class generally worn throughout the United States, North and South, is 35 per cent. ad valorem. If it is a fact that the duty is added to the price of the home-manufactured article, then the people are taxed 35 article, then the people are taxed 35per cent. on every yard of cotton
goods. It happens, however, that such
is not a fact. The price of cotton
goods in this country is but very little
higher than it is abroad; and while we
pay a little more for the higher grades
of cotton goods we keep up the price
of cotton, and we build up home factories to add to its consumption, and we
are keeping at home here at the South
millions of dollars which would otherwise on to foreign markets. We see wise go to foreign markets. We see no difference in principle between the case of woolen goods and that of cot-ton goods. Now, while we would like to see woolen goods cheaper, we would not like to see cotton goods cheaper, because cheap cotton goods means

cheap bales of cotton.

The free trader in wool might make capital in a district where but little, if any, wool is grown; but the free-trader in cotton goods would find it rough sailing in any Southern district.

We must give and take.
We think the President's reasoning as to the relative strength of population is not sound. He assumes that every man reported as an agriculturist by the census returns is in conflict on this question with those reported as manu-facturers. The fallacy of this sum-mary is in the fact that large numbers of agriculturists are employed about the large manufacturing cities.
One canning factory buys all the
peaches of a county. Another buys all
the tomatoes of several counties. The candy-makers and peanut-oil refiners of New York give employment to the farmers of several counties in Virginia. One hotel in Boston employs several dairy farms. The cotton oil mills of the South add greatly to the demand for cotton labor, and furnish a large per cent of its compensation. Here in Alabama, about Mobile, our truck farmers are kept going by the demand for early vegetables from Western manufacturing cities. When Birmingam and other cities of North Alabar get their full growth they will give employment to new garden farms throughout the coast country. So, then, a very large body of agriculturists have an identical interest in the growth and prosperity of American

The truth is that all interests in this country are and ought to be mutually dependent, and instead of devising schemes to open our doors to foreign goods which may destroy our own factories and leave us at the mercy of foreign traders, we should endeavor to protect and expand our internal com-

The reasoning of the President is recisely that of the Bright and Coblen school. Happily the world has discarded the doctrine as unsound. Every strong Government of modern times, except England, protects its

ome labor from foreign competition. Practically, however, the issue to which the President's argument tends is not upon us in any dangerous form. e that in his desir duties he hints at retaining the tobacco tax, and thus endangers the success of his party in those Middle States which have demanded a removal of the ex-cise on tobacco; but it is to be hoped other questions of graver and more practical import will keep those States

within the party.

So far as the South is concerned, we deplore the introduction of the freetrade argument into our politics. On that question the whites will divide in the future as they divided in the and the fear is that white unity, built up in the face of such dangers and distress as the world never before witnessed, will go to pieces and leave society in chaos. Grasping at shadows, we are risking the substance of social peace and pure government. — Mobile Register (Dem.).

ENGLISH ADMIR ATION. The London Press Greets Grover's Mes-sage with Ghoulish Glos.

The following clever cryptogram, arranged by the editor of the Courier, published at Batavin, O., shows plainer than any long-winded argument where Cleveland's free-trade message met with the heartiest recep

-London Daily News.

XCHANGE d'da't open as booyant as was
expected. The explanation is that people
doubt whether Courress will act on the recommendat'en. If the House does agree,
the Republican Senate may still disagree.

—London St. James' Grette.

XEBCISE it must, an absolutely parameter influence on the Presidential election Party names and party itse are thrown
into a losselpoten. To gradient lease
will be presented or tree-tride,

- London Daily Globe.

HE MESSAGE will produce a profound sen-sation in Europe as well as in America, and will strengthen the free-trader's cause throughout the world.

- London Merning Post.

EVOLUTIONARY starting cal controversics of the United States Whether it will bring about immediately new departure in their fiscal policy of pends upon its reception by Congress.

—Leadon Starkers.

IMPORTANT and suggestive message has been sent to Congress. If the policy

STABLISH PREE TRADE, President inno's policy may not in the street of the word, but it will, to ago